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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

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1918

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THE PATERNOSTER PILGRIMS;

An Impossible Sketch.

BY
A. HELLIA R,

Author of "The Hamilton Lyrics."

PRICE FOUR PENCE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY RICHARD POOLE, MALDON.

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**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918**

THE PATERNOSTER PILGRIMS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. BROWN, } *Partners in the firm of Messrs. Brown,*
MR. JONES, } *Jones, & Co., Booksellers.*

FOREMAN, ASSISTANTS, ETC.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Paternoster Row. Time 8 a.m.*

(Singing heard in distance.)

Enter MR. BROWN and FOREMAN.

MR. BROWN. What mean these dulcet sounds? some fifteen [years
(*listening*) Have I worked in this Paternoster Row,
Yet music like to this I ne'er have heard
Within its sacred precincts.

FOREMAN. Can it be
Some noisy midnight brawlers not content
With night time for their orgies, but must [needs
Prolong them into day. Let us approach
And satisfy ourselves what this can mean.

MR. BROWN. 'Tis strange! their voices sound familiar. Why!
(*approaching*) I seem to know their very forms as well,
And stranger still,—or do my eyes deceive?—
But as I nearer draw I see that they
Are standing on the threshold of my shop,
And, strangest thing of all, these men, indeed,
Are all assistants now in my employ.

FOREMAN. Here is a doorway, Sir, we'll hide therein,
 And while thus screened from sight, we p'r'aps
 may learn
 Why all these men are thus assembled here.
[Both enter doorway and listen.]

SONG :—1st ASSIST.

Another night has pass'd away,
 Shining is the sun ;
 Light are all our hearts and gay,
 Joyous ev'ry one ;
 All now here assembled may,
 Shout with joy hip, hip, hurray !
 For another working day
 Has well nigh begun.

Chorus :

Then shout hurray, for another day
 'Midst the books we love will we spend,
 And the only alloy there shall be with our joy,
 Is the thought that the day must end.

2nd ASSIST.

Slowly have the hours been creeping
 On since yester-eve,
 Not a wink has one been sleeping
 'Mongst us, I believe ;
 For this hour we've all been yearning,
 Ev'ry heart been fondly burning,
 Now at length to work returning,
 We no longer grieve.

Chorus :—Then shout hurray, &c.

[MR. BROWN and FOREMAN emerge from doorway.]

MR. BROWN. What means all this congregation ?
(indignantly) Wherefore here so early ?
 Filled am I with indignation,
 At this hurly-burly.

FOREMAN. Know you not that you are bringing,
On this "Row" a deep disgrace?
I consider all this singing,
Singularly out of place.

d ASSIST. Oh! Sir, our singing may be out of tune,
But out of place—never. Why! all here thought
'Twas most appropriate; in fact it is
An Early English Canzonet, which we
Have altered as the time and case demand.

Chorus: (aside)

In talking thus,
'Tis they, not us,
Who are the rules of taste evading;
Though may be they,
Mistake our lay,
For Ethiopian serenading.

[St. Paul's strikes eight.]

RECIT:—MR. BROWN.

Hark! the clock is striking eight:
It is sad, but I'm afraid,
You have yet an hour to wait,
Ere you can resume your trade.

CHORUS.

(Gazing in each other's faces with consternation.)

What is this we hear him stating?
One more hour of dread suspense,
Must we in the "Row" be waiting,
Ere our trade we can commence.
Little can you know, oh! master,
How we feel these words you say;
Would, oh! would, the time flew faster,
While outside your shop we stay.

[Exeunt MR. BROWN and FOREMAN.]

1st ASSIST.

We might have known how it would be. 'Tis hard
 Our master cannot read what's in our hearts ;
 He cannot guess the bonds that bind each one
 To this, our much loved trade. He does not know
 How when we are away we mope and pine,
 And sigh for that glad hour to come again,
 When we may once more be among the books
 We all have learned to love so well.

2nd ASSIST.

Through all

Last dreary night did I toss to and fro :
 Sleep sought my eyes in vain. How anxiously
 Did I await the rising of the sun,
 And watch his beams as one by one they glode
 Along the ceiling of my room. Methinks
 He's never over pleased to leave his couch ;
 But I believe in sooth that he this morn
 Was tardier than his wont, or so indeed
 It seemed to me. And now to think that we
 Have still another weary hour to wait.

3rd ASSIST.

Cheer up my friend, I know its hard to bear,
 But think ! this one brief hour will soon have passed,
 And then the whole long bright and glorious day
 Will lie before you.

2nd ASSIST.

But Sir, e'en then

Our happiness is not without alloy.
 There's one dread phantom e'er before our eyes
 That makes us shudder when we think of it.
 We never know what's meant by perfect peace,
 For any happy hour we may possess
 Is clouded o'er, when we reflect that 'tis
 But one step nearer to that dreaded time

When we must cease from work ; till now we've come
To look upon all kinds of earthly bliss
As stepping stones to some vague future ill.

RECIT :—4th ASSIST.

I think you all with me,
In this matter will agree,
That our master's conduct's rather too presuming ;
For you can't help being annoyed,
When with hope your soul is buoyed,
At the prospect of a hard day's work resuming ;
When he tells you for your pains,
That a whole hour still remains
Which in idleness one can but be consuming.

CHORUS.

Yes, its really most annoying,
Thus our time to be employing,
But we'll strive not to be wretched or repine ;
But we'll sigh in expectation,
For that hour of delectation,
When the clocks around will strike the hour of nine.

Enter FOREMAN (who has been listening.)

FOREMAN. A whole hour spent in nought save empty sighs !
A shameless waste of time. We'll rather strive
To gain in knowledge by the aid of some
Neat pointed argument, or else by means
Of some choice anecdote we'll seek to learn
Some lesson that may profit us.

1st ASSIST.

But, Sir,
Our stock of anecdotes is somewhat small,
And such brief few as we did e'er possess,
Have long since ceased to please, by reason of
The many times we have repeated them.

2nd ASSIST.² Neat pointed argument ! you little know
(*derisively*) With whom you have to deal. But once com-
An argument of whatsoe'er the kind, [mence
And ere ten minutes had elapsed, this "Row,"
Which now appears so bright and still, would be
Transformed into a very hell ; these men
(Who now appear so calm and self-possessed)
Would change into a wild excited horde
Of fighting demons.

FOREMAN. Then we'll not risk it.
But let all seat themselves upon these steps,
And I'll narrate a little tale from which
Some grains of wisdom may be picked by all.

CHORUS.

With expectation fond each eye
Will glisten,
As on these steps we sit and try
To listen ;
Though fifty gleaming optics may
Alarm you,
We hope you will not mind for they
Won't harm you.

(All seat themselves on the steps.)

RECIT.—FOREMAN.

"POETICAL JAMES."

Now, youthful James was an only son,
Beloved by his parents and friends ;
He had all that a boy, could wish to enjoy,
Drums, trumpets, and toys, for making such noise
As the peace of all elderly people destroys.
Not a thing that he sought, but was straight-away bought,
Or to sum up in short, he had all which is thought,
To juvenile happiness tends.

Thus merrily were his first years begun,
 But enemies gathered around ;
 Not sisters (thank goodness) to worry his life,
 Or brothers with whom to engage him in strife,
 For he was an only son ;
 But friends were the people he had to fear,
 They said he was meant for a POET, 'twas clear,
 They whispered insidious things in his ears,
 They said he'd a wonderful flow of ideas ;
 His face, too, was like Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S,
 These sycophants speedily found.

So he tried to write verses, but never a one
 Could he do that was fit to be seen ;
 In hopes that poetic ideas would flow,
 He caused his lank hair in long tresses to grow,
 Till the heart of his father rejoiced to know,
 That James was his only son ;
 Though foiled for the nonce, do we find him dismayed ?
 Not quite ! but another attempt he essayed—
 Bought pints of the blackest of ink that was made,
 Gold nibs, and whole reams of the finest cream laid ;
 All night was his head in damp towels arrayed—
 But never a verse, till his friends were afraid,
 His likeness to Shakespeare was wrongly pourtrayed ;
 In deeming them like, it was possible they'd
 A leetle precipitate been.

1st ASSIST. Oh stay, Sir, we beg, we implore you,
 (*deeply affected*) Ere on with your story you go ;
 Or else 'twill not long be, before you
 Will cause all our tears to flow.

2nd ASSIST. E'en now I can feel they are welling,
 With grief, to my eyes, one by one ;
 So sad is the tale you've been telling,
 Of James, the poetical son.

3rd ASSIST. How sad for his friends, who excited
By talents they thought they had found;
To discover their hopes all thus blighted,
Their happiness dashed to the ground.

4th ASSIST. Yet sadder, more grievous, the thought is,
Of what his poor father would think,
When the bill came from where he had bought
Gold nibs, and his paper and ink. [his

(All sob convulsively.)

(*St. Paul's strikes 9 o'clock.*)

CHORUS : (*All rising.*)

Hark ! the bells are pealing,
Light are all our hearts ;
Joyous is the feeling,
This glad sound imparts.
Pleased are we in knowing,
All our waiting's past ;
Glad that we are going
To our work at last.

(All enter Shop.)

FINALE.

For this hour we've all been yearning,
Ev'ry heart been fondly burning,
Now at length to work returning,
We no longer grieve.

Exeunt omnes

ACT II.

SCENE—*Interior of Bookseller's Shop.*

Group of Assistants discovered.

OPENING CHORUS.

Here we all are waiting,
 Eager for the fray ;
 To work with unabating,
 Ardour through the day.
 Joyous you perceive us,
 Not as men oft come,
 To work with faces grievous,
 Countenances glum.
 Working ne'er annoys us,
 No, its perfect bliss :
 Nothing e'er o'erjoys us,
 Half so much as this.

[*Enter MR. BROWN and MR. JONES.*]

CHORUS.

Now a hard day's work is dawning,
 All here wish you both "Good Morning."

[**R. BROWN.** You'll not listen to them, Sir, I beg you,
To Mr. Jones.) A case of most unparalleled presumption !
 "Good morning," Sir, indeed ! When I was
 young,
 If any wretched wight had ever dared
 Address his master in such terms as these;
 He'd straightway there and then have been
 dismissed.

RECIT :—MR. JONES.

(*To Mr. Brown.*) Now I don't care a fig,
 Though its thought "infra dig."
 When a man to his servants is fawning;
 And talking and laughing,
 And otherwise chaffing,
 Thus mercantile etiquette scorning;
 (*To Assistants.*) So this once I'll unbend,
 And I'll e'en condescend,
 To wish all here assembled "Good Morning."

CHORUS.

(*Aside*) Now we'll always bear in mind,
 That our master's been so kind,
 As all diff'rence 'tween our stations to be scorning.
 And we'll ne'er forget to mention,
 Too, how great his condescension,
 When he kindly wished his servants all "Good
 [Morning."

RECIT :—FOREMAN.

All greeting now is finished,
 Let all commence straightway,
 With ardour undiminished,
 The labours of the day.

CHORUS.

The love of work prevailing,
 Holds each one in its sway;
 All wiles prove unavailing,
 To cause our hearts to stray.

MR. JONES. Ere labour you commence, all list to me
 While I address you on a subject which
 Has pained me oftentimes. I've seen with grief,
 Full many faces now around me here,
 Assume of late a pale and sickly cast,

As would some tender hot-house plant removed
 From out its native heat into the blasts
 And chills of some cold winter's day. I've seen,
 (And with much sorrow too) how when at work
 Instead of moving with the buoyant and
 Elastic step peculiar to youth,
 You set about your labours in a way
 As rather to suggest the movements of
 Extreme decrepit age.

ALL.

(Aside)

Now it pains him to state,
 But he's noticed of late,
 There have sev'ral among us been ailing ;
 For two or three weeks,
 Has the bloom on our cheeks,
 Been slowly but surely paling.

. BROWN. Your conduct too, in gathering here this morn
 Would surely serve to prove that over work
 Has made itself apparent in the shape
 Of nervous irritation of the brain.
 And which complaint I've often been informed
 Can only properly be cured when we
 Remove the cause of irritation.

CHORUS.

(Aside)

" Re " our conduct this morn,
 In assembling at dawn,
 They would like to receive some enlightenment ;
 But one thing they know,
 It tends but to show,
 We're all suff'ring from nervous excitement.

R. JONES. The cause *shall* be removed, and therefore we
 Will close this shop for one brief week and take
 That rest which we have all so rightly earned.

ALL.

(Indignantly.)

FOREMAN.

(With emotion)

1st ASSIST.

2nd ASSIST.

SOLO :—FOREMAN.

On Saturday night all mankind
We see rejoice ;
Still Monday is a day we find
More to our choice :
On Monday, all the week we know
Before us lies ;
On Saturday its past, and so
Hope in us dies.

Though possibly it may seem far
 Beyond belief,
 Bank holidays to all here are
 A time of grief ;
 If one brief day thus pains us—pause
 Ere on you speak ;
 How much more grief to us would cause
 A whole long week.

RECIT :—MR. JONES.

Had I e'er thought,
 My scheme was fraught,
 With horrors such as you suppose it ;
 I frankly own,
 I'd older grown,
 Ere I had ever dared propose it.

ALL.

(*Aside*) He's repenting,
 P'raps relenting,
 Tear drops dim his eyes so stern ;
 Sighs and moaning,
 Wails and groaning,
 May perchance his purpose turn.

(*All sigh deeply.*)

R. BROWN. Stay ! list to me, I have a good idea ;
 What need for such extremes ; since all agree
 A whole week's holiday would cause such grief
 We'll try some milder plan. Fetch 'Bradshaw'
 here,
 And as I'm pleased to say that I'm endowed
 With far more brains than many people are,
 I may perhaps be able to unfold
 Some truths from out its tangled web.

(*Peruses "Bradshaw."*)

CHORUS.

One moment wait,
And he will state,
A plan that will our grief abate.

MR. BROWN.

Ha ! ha !

The very thing we want. Why ! here I read
That cheap excursions start nigh ev'ry day
From London Bridge to Brighton, and the fare
Is but four shillings, third, return. So come—
Up with the shutters, and we'll all depart
To spend a glad though curtailed holiday.

RECIT :—FOREMAN.

(To Assists.)

Now ev'ry day,
There start away,
From London Bridge the time bills say,
Cheap trips which go,
He'd have us know,
To where the briny breezes blow.
P'r'aps you're aware,
The railway fare,
Four shillings is from here to there.
So they suggest,
It would be best,
To close the shop this day, and rest.

[Assistants retire and converse together.]

CHORUS :—ASSISTANTS.

(To Mr. Brown)

There is a saying old and trite
Men often use ;
If e'er two evils loom in sight,
The lesser choose.
We've thought this matter o'er, and so
We all decide
In favour of your plan to go
To the sea-side.

MR. JONES.

'o *Assists.*) When on the platform grouped, let all
 Avert their eyes
 From Messrs. Smith and Sons' bookstall
 Which thereon lies.
 Lest gazing on the books they vend,
 Might p'r'aps produce
 Vain longings, and our plans thus send
 Unto the deuce.

FINALE :—ASSISTANTS.

Lowly leaving shop.) Our way we're wending,
 This day intending,
 That we'll be spending,
 Upon the shore.

There you will find us,
 Leave all behind us,
 That can remind us,
 Of City's roar.

P'r'aps you're perceiving,
 Instead of grieving,
 Our work at leaving,
 We all seem gay.

But you're mistaken,
 All joys forsaken,
 Hope, wings has taken,
 And flown away.

Exeunt omnes.

They little think that people who
 Reside in London town,
 See things as strange as they who to
 The deep in ships go down.

II.

Man will exclaim for evermore,
 How beautiful ! how grand !
 To listen to the ceaseless roar,
 Of waves upon the strand.
 But when again to home he's come,
 He fails to understand
 The beauties of the ceaseless hum,
 E'er round him in the STRAND.

III.

When by the sea he yearly dwells,
 To take his hard-earned ease ;
 He vows he likes the briny smells,
 Borne inland on the breeze ;
 But when he sniffs those smells again,
 (And more) at Billingsgate ;
 He treats them then with deep disdain ;
 His pleasure's turned to hate.

IV.

How eagerly 'midst rocks he tries,
 To find some little shell ;
 A whelk or pennywink he'll prize,
 Far more than you can tell.
 But when at home he casts his eye,
 Upon a coster's store ;
 He'll simply pass unheeding by,
 Alas ! they please no more.

FOREMAN. Here come our Masters. Let them not suppose
(From seeing us engaged in eager talk)
That we are filled with inward peace and joy.
'Twere better to assume our saddest air,
That they may gaze upon the dire results
Which have arisen from their misjudged plans,
In an exaggerated rather than
A lessened form.

Enter MR. BROWN and MR. JONES.

CHORUS OF ASSISTANTS.

How tardily the moments flow,
Heigho !
Our hearts are all surcharged with woe,
Heigho !
This is the only way we know,
Our grief and misery to show,
And so you hear us softly go,
Heigho ! Heigho !

We're feeling far from blithe and gay,
Alack-a-day !
And shall do while from work we stay,
Alack-a-day !
We've heard this is the proper way,
Deep grief or sorrow to pourtray,
And so you hear us gently say,
Alack-a-day ! Alack-a-day !

MR. BROWN.

Why, oh why, these songs of sadness,
Floating on the briny breeze ;
All around there's nought save gladness,
Happiness and perfect ease.

MR. JONES.

Why, oh why, this mournful sighing,
Better far 'twere to employ
Little madrigals, implying
Perfect peace and perfect joy.

SOLO.—FOREMAN.

How can the bird
Deprived of liberty ;
Carol its lay,
As blithe and gay,
As when it fluttered free ?

How can the lute,
Whose strings are old and loosed,
Dispense around,
The glorious sound,
It formerly produced ?

CHORUS.

And how can we—
From all our labour parted ;
From ev'ry face,
Dispel the trace
Of grief, and seem light hearted ?

RECIT :—FOREMAN.

(*To Assists.*) But stay, there still remains a ray of hope.
Pr'aps we've not gone the proper way to work
To garner happiness. Look all around !
How joyous seem these tourist crowds, yet we
Are plunged into the very lowest depths,
Of deepest and most damnable despair.
We'll ask our masters how to gain this end ;
But in some covert way, that they'll not guess
We're speaking of ourselves.

1st ASSIST. When a person's sadly grieving—
 Sadly grieving on the shore ;
 And his woes he'd be relieving,
 Tell us how, Sir, we implore ?

MR. BROWN. Little stones let him be heaving
 At each billow's whitened crest ;
 And his soul will cease from grieving,
 And his spirit be at rest.

2nd ASSIST. If perchance he should not own some
 Kindly friend his heart to cheer ;
 And this world seem sad and lonesome,
 And his life seem dark and drear ?

MR. BROWN. Let him but tuck up his trousers
 To his knees, and in the sea
 Let him paddle, and I trow, Sirs,
 All his woes will swiftly flee.

3rd ASSIST. Should his life be bored by *ennui*,—
 Sad it is but in this world,
 Many such we see as on we
 Through this life are swiftly whirled.

MR. BROWN. Spade and bucket deftly seizing,
 Let him hasten to the beach ;
 There's a form of labour pleasing,
 Ever close within his reach.

FOREMAN. Alas, Sir, then there is no hope for us ;
 For ev'ry plan which you've just named we've
 Time after time, but all without avail. [tried
 'Twould better far have been if we had stayed
 Contented, yet unhealthy, as we were,
 Than bearing on our cheeks the ruddy glow
 Of pure and perfect health, but in our hearts
 The gnawings of the canker-worm of grief.
 (Sobs.)

1st ASSIST. Oh ! would that we had taken warning by
That ancient tale, which tells the grievous fate
Which once befel a discontented sprat.

MR. BROWN. The discontented sprat—ha ! ha !
(*derisively*) The title's most absurd ;
A tale e'er named like that—ha ! ha !
I've never, never heard.

ASSISTANTS. To rude remarks like these,
We merely say pooh ! pooh !
(*To 1st Assist.*) Proceed, Sir, if you please,
Your narrative pursue.

1st ASSIST. Though thus you rudely flout
(*To Mr. Brown*) This strange and curious title ;
You will be charmed no doubt,
On hearing its recital.

RECIT :—FIRST ASSISTANT.

“THE DISCONTENTED SPRAT.”

A little sprat swam in the sea,
A many years ago
(The date unfortunately we
Don't quite exactly know) ;
But this we read, that 'neath the foam
Full many fathoms, was his home,
There he was gaily wont to roam,
In piscine fancy free.
'Midst coral strands, and golden sands,
Where wondrous sea-weeds grow ;
Where gales ne'er blow, where tides ne'er flow,
Some thirty fathoms down below
The ever-sounding sea.—
If things like these are never seen,

Far down in regions sub-marine,
 Excuse it, as I've never been,
 And ne'er intend to go.—
 Thus passed his little life away,
 In happiness and ease ;
 Where everything around him lay,
 A fish's taste to please.
 At eventide he loved to rise,
 And watch the glories of the skies,
 As daylight slowly fades and dies,
 And day to night gives room ;
 He loved to watch each changing hue,
 Now brightest green, now loveliest blue,
 As clouds across its surface flew,—
 Or else to glide, beneath the tide,
 In realms of deepest gloom ;
 Where rotting lay, in dread array,
 The awful mould'ring shapes of they,
 Who there had met their doom ;
 'Midst crumbling wrecks, whose slimy decks,
 But answered for a tomb.
 These were his joys ; how sad to find,
 Their pleasures palled upon his mind ;
 For other realms than these he pined,
 The very sea seemed too confined.
 One day when swimming near the shore,
 He first time heard the ceaseless roar
 Of waves upon the beach ;
 He first time saw the cliffs loom high,
 The verdant land before him lie,
 He first time heard the sea-mew's cry,
 Or sea-gull's weirdly screech.
 He gazed amazed at what he saw,
 And as he looked, he liked it more,
 He longed those regions to explore,
 So near within his reach.

* * * * *

His eyes grew dim, his gills grew pale,
 And limp and listless hung his tail,
 No longer brightly shone each scale ;
 Till boldly casting fear aside,
 He launched him on the boiling tide,

Which flung him on the shore.
 As on the burning sands he lay,
 Exposed to every scorching ray,
 How bitterly he cursed that day ;—
 How eagerly he wished that some
 Kind helping wave would near him come,
 And kiss him with its kindly foam,

But none e'er near him went ;
 And there, within the sight of home,
 Upon those burning sands he lay ;
 And gently ebbd his life away,
 A prey to discontent.

RECIT.—FOREMAN.

[*Who has become deeply affected towards end of recital.*]

As that little sprat was lying,
 On the sea shore grieving, dying,
 So are we each sadly sighing,
 Full of pain.

For the self-same reasons—save
 That 'tis not an ocean wave,
 But a railway train we crave,
 All in vain ! All in vain !
 (Sobs.)

SOLO.—THIRD ASSISTANT.

How sad one's fate,
 When for some error grieving,
 To find that 'tis too late,
 The ill to be retrieving.

And yet once more !
 What joy there is in feeling,
 Those ills which we deplore,
 There still is time for healing.

MR. JONES. Well, well, I yield, although I'd fondly hoped
(To Foreman) All would have spent a bright and happy day,
 And on the morrow have returned to work
 With health and strength increased. But since
 it seems
 That I'm to deepest disappointment doomed,
 Why, we'll return to town, and there employ
 The half which still remains of this sad day,
 In hardest toil.

RECIT : —FOREMAN.

(To Assists.) There ne'er was yet,
 A day so wet,
 But came not bright again ;
 So dry your tears,
 For here appears,
 The sunshine after rain.

Your masters have consented.—

1st ASSIST. *(Aside)* They've relented ! p'r'aps repented !

2nd ASSIST. Such a thing unprecedented,
 Cannot possibly be true ;

3rd ASSIST. It's some tale that he's invented,
 Mind I'm speaking 'tween us two.

FOREMAN. They desire to be atoning,
(continuing) For the grief they've caused, and moaning ;
 So they very, very kindly have agreed,
 To depart to town again,
 By the very earliest train,
 Where with business once again we can proceed.

CHORUS.

They've repented ! they've relented !
 Hope once more shall reign supreme ;
 Joy within each breast is dawning,
 Soon the sorrows of this morning,
 Will seem but an awful dream.

1st ASSIST. Joy !

2nd ASSIST. Rapture !

3rd ASSIST. Joy !

What bliss there is in learning,
 Still half this day we can employ
 In work, for which we're yearning.
 Farewell to sighing grievous ;
 Adieu to faces glum ;
 Our troubles all will leave us,
 'Midst City's busy hum.

CHORUS.

[*Preparing to leave.*]

We sought to find enjoyment,
 Alas ! 'twas all in vain ;
 Our much beloved employment,
 We'll never leave again :
 This sad day thus rewards us—
 It's taught each one to know,
 No place on earth affords us
 Joys like Paternoster Row.

FINALE.

For this hour we've all been yearning,
 Ev'ry heart been fondly burning,
 Now at length to work returning,
 We no longer grieve.

Exeunt omnes.

CURTAIN.



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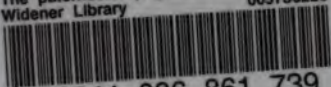


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